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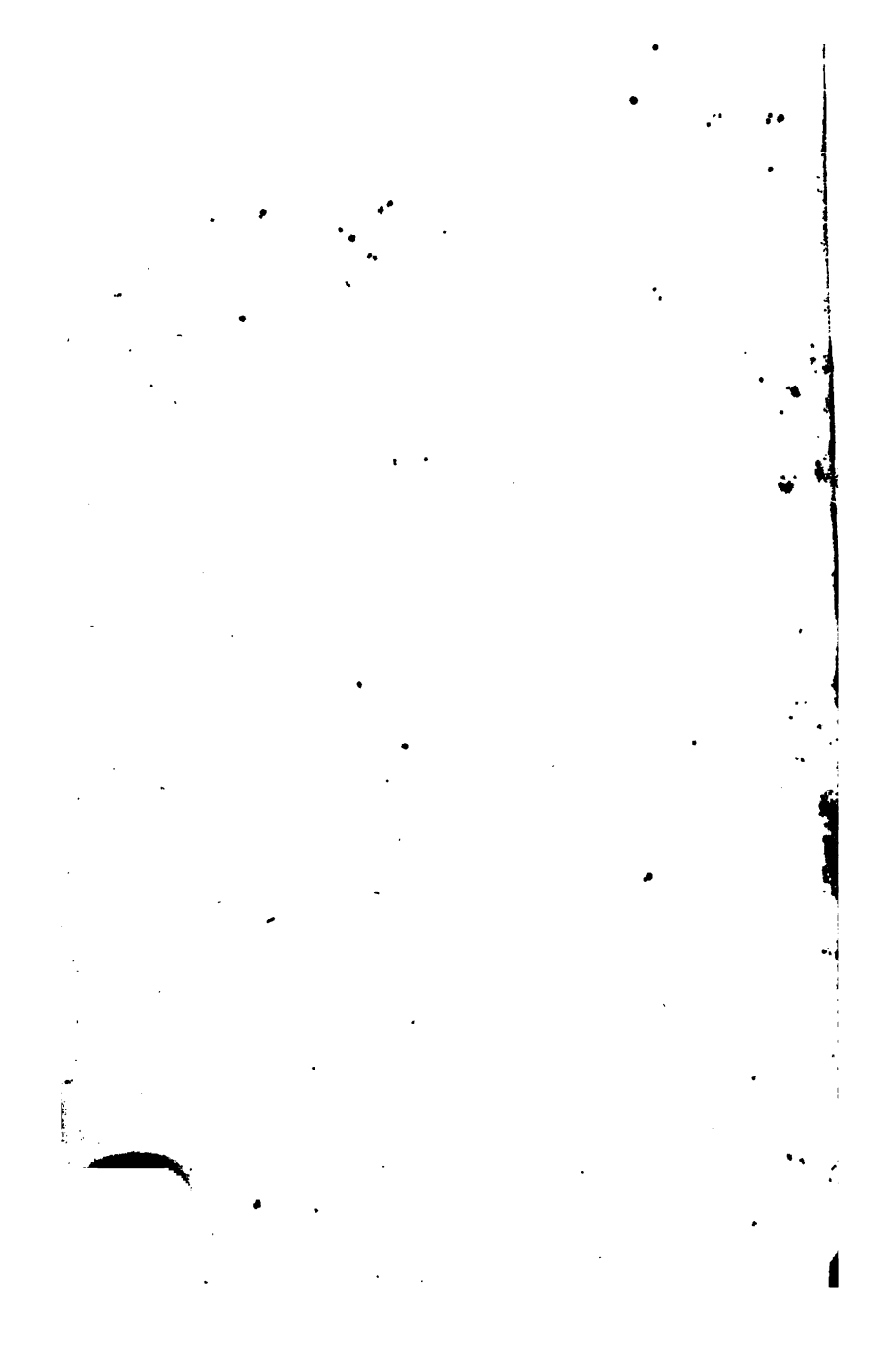
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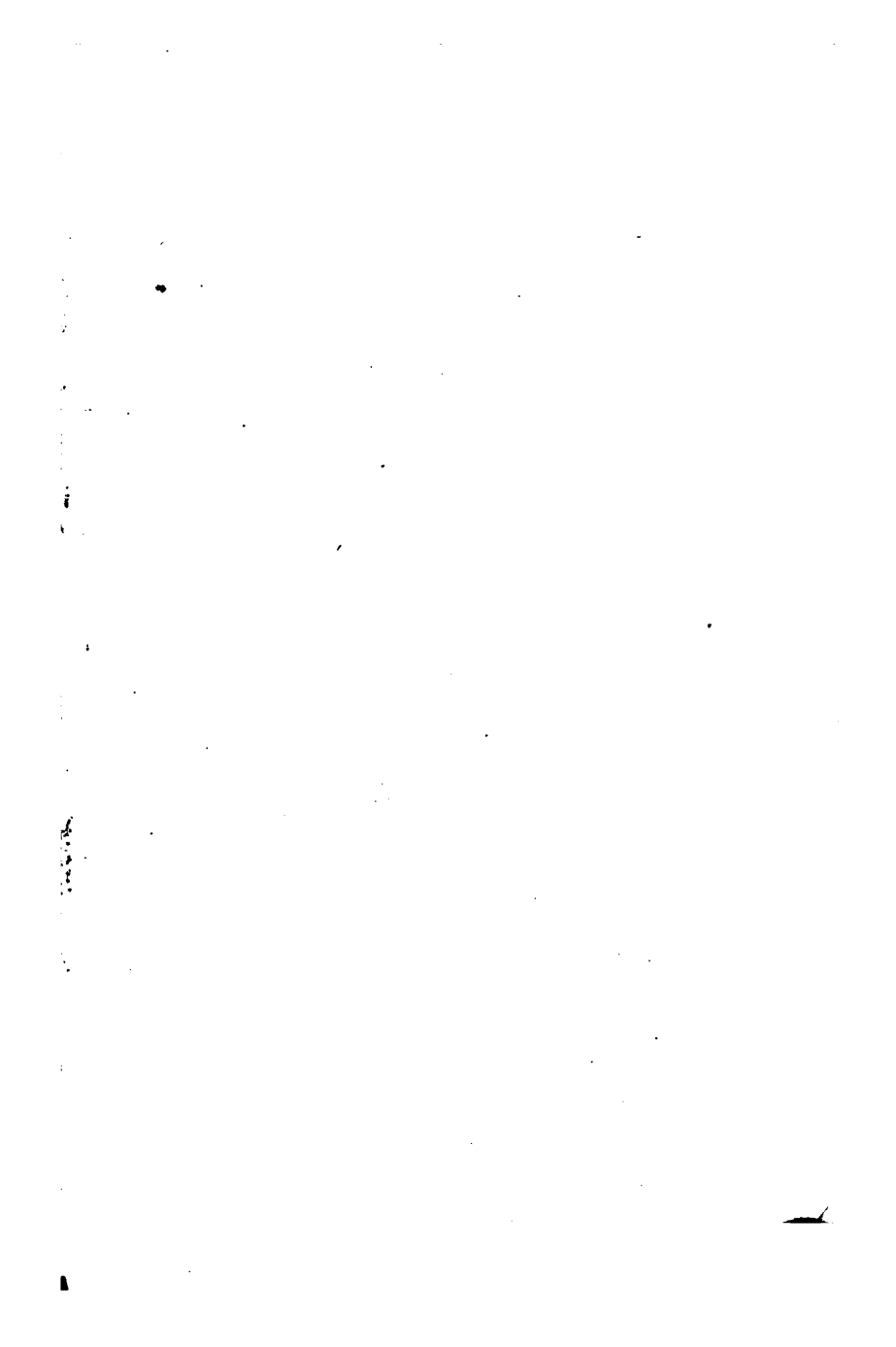
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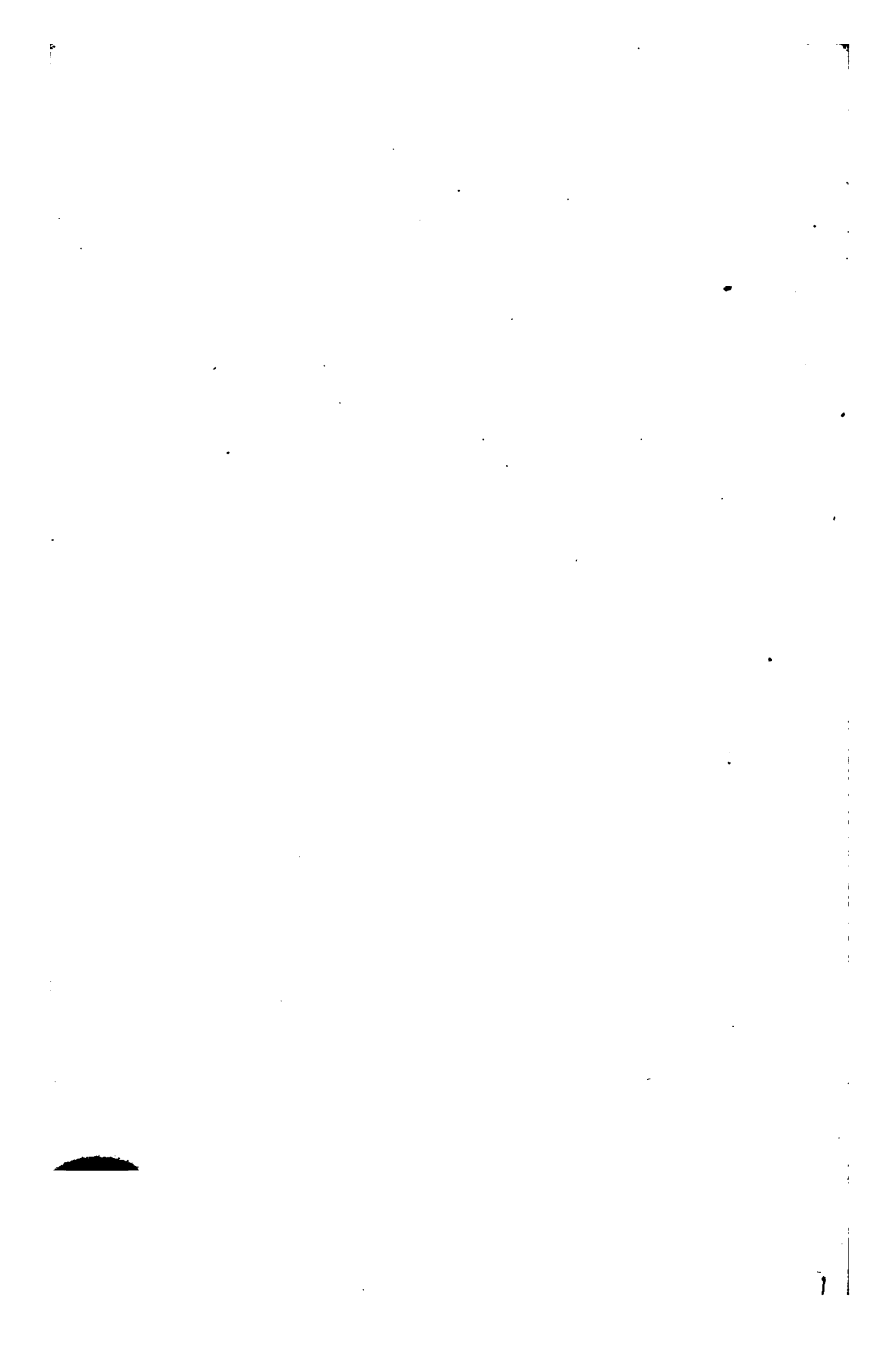


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April 187877 c/n S

THE
KING BEE'S DREAM:

A METRICAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Druid City Literary Club

OF THE

CITY OF TUSKALOOSA, ALABAMA,

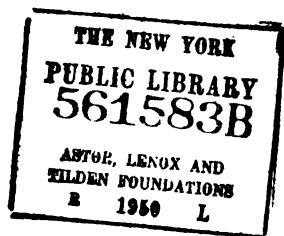
BY

THOMAS MAXWELL. ^H

MAY 12, 1875.



TUSKALOOSA:
GEORGE A. SEARCY AND COMPANY,
1875.

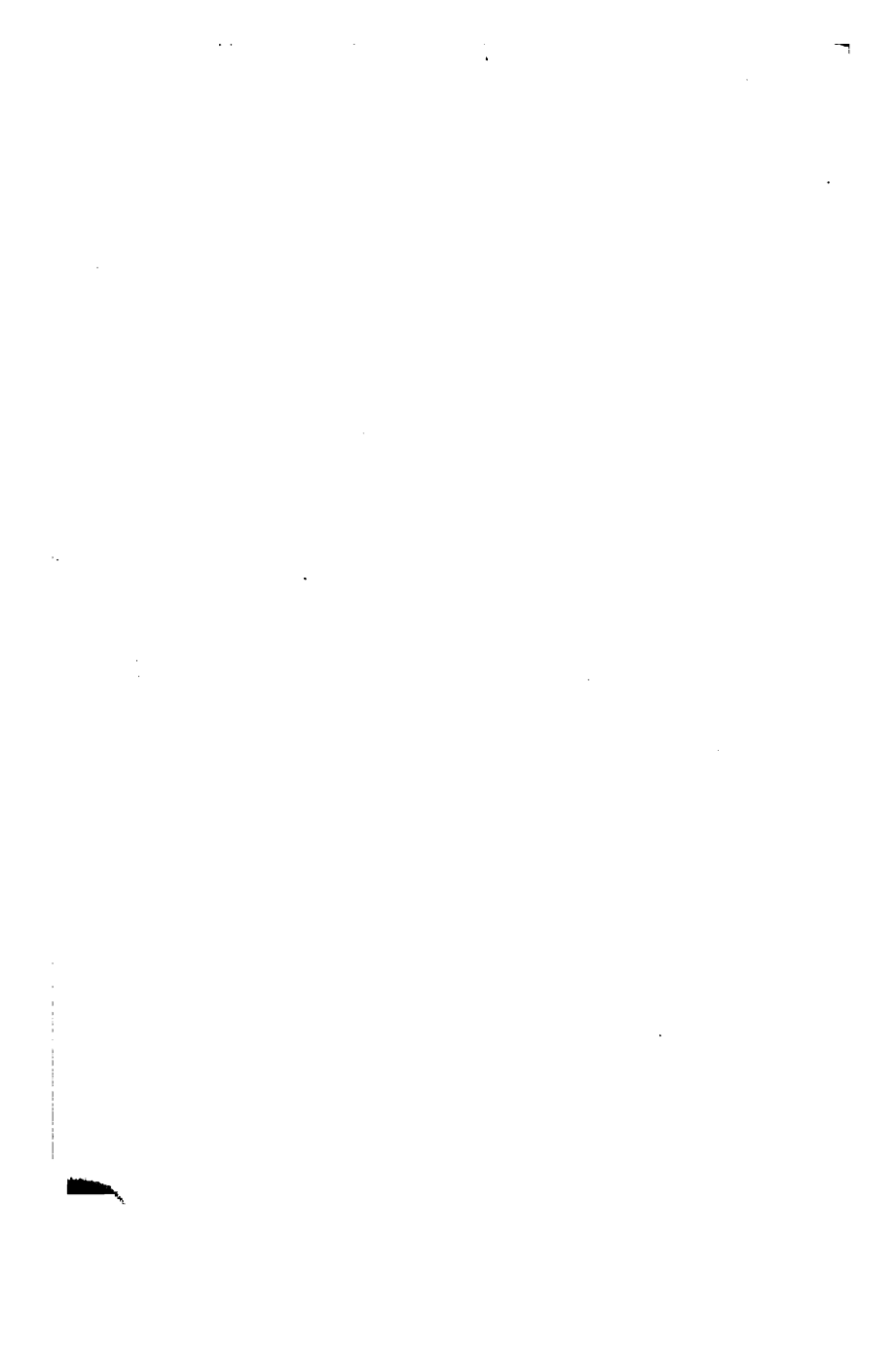


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RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR
TO
DR. F. A. P. BARNARD,
PRESIDENT COLUMBIA COLLEGE,
NEW YORK.

Presented - Dec. 22, 1870



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CORRESPONDENCE.

TUSKALOOSA, ALA., June 8, 1875.

MR. THOMAS MAXWELL: —

Dear Sir, — At a regular meeting of the "Druid City Literary Club," held last night, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, By the "Druid City Literary Club," that the Poem read before us by Mr. T. Maxwell on the 12th of May last, contains, in our judgment, many interesting truths and traditions, and many just reflections and wholesome maxims, aptly and beautifully expressed, and we are unwilling that such a production shall pass away with a single reading before us.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to express to Mr. Maxwell our high appreciation of his Poem, and the pleasure his reading of it afforded us, and to confer with him with a view to its preservation, and also to its publication, in such manner, and in such form, as he and they may think most suitable.

Heartily concurring in the views and wishes expressed in these resolutions, and hoping they will meet with your concurrence also, the committee will be pleased to confer with you on the subject whenever it may suit your convenience.

JOHN SNOW, }
W. MOODY, } *Committee.*
W. C. JEMISON, }

TUSKALOOSA, June 12, 1875.

To Messrs. JOHN SNOW, W. MOODY, and W. C. JEMISON,
Committee, etc.

Gentlemen,—I cannot conceal that it is with misgiving and diffidence that I acquiesce in the very complimentary request of the "Druid City Literary Club," and allow my address, which they have so kindly characterized as a Poem, to be printed. This misgiving arises from a deep consciousness on my part that it contains many defects, which, while they might pass unnoticed in the delivery, cannot bear such close criticism as they will be subject to when printed.

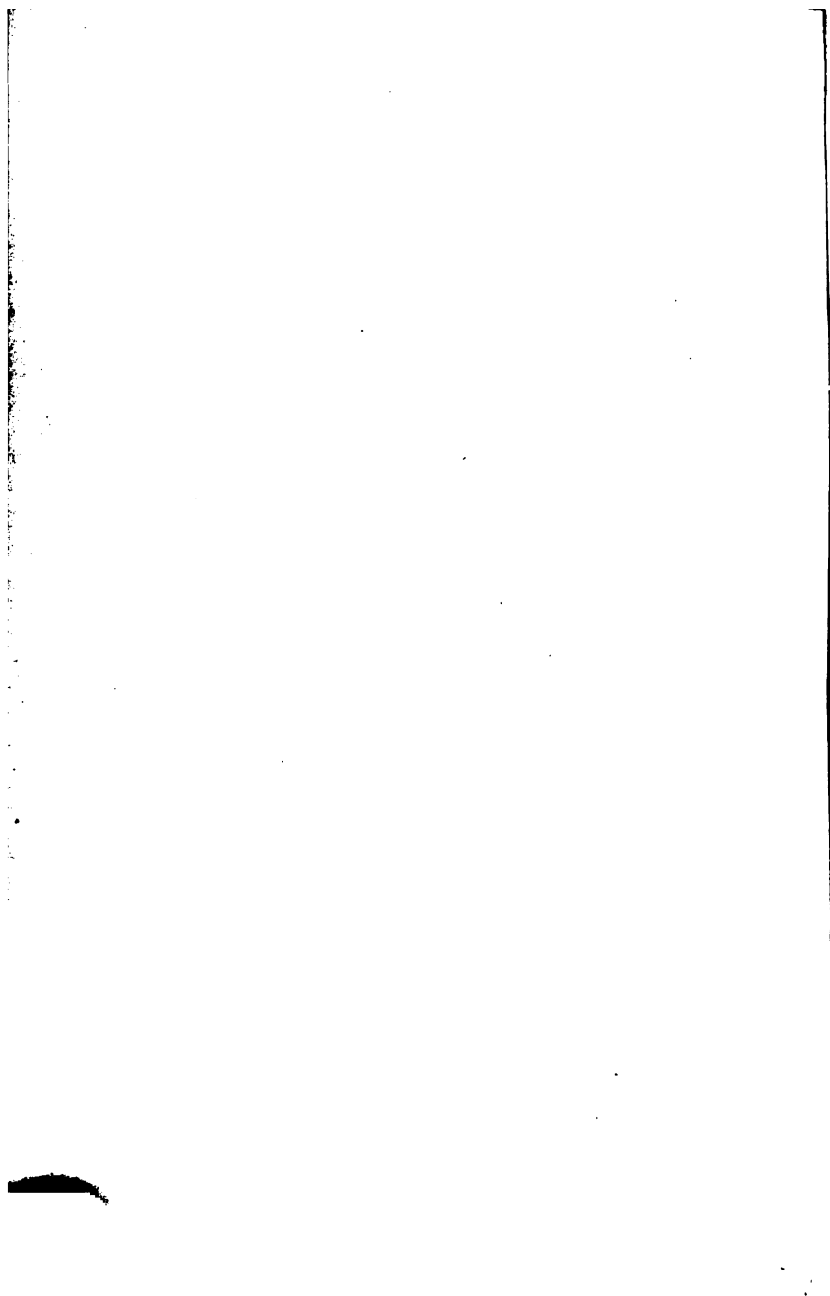
The whole scope of the Address was intended to have a local application, and its title, "A Nonesuch" (as a King Bee never existed), could only be understood in the vicinity. It was assumed, however, in order to introduce some legends and traditions of the Druids existing in the vales of Cumberland, and also some of the Indians in Alabama, which might soon pass away, and to enforce in a pleasant way, upon the mind of the youth of our day, the necessity which exists for the adoption of settled and fixed rules of life, and in the circumstances in which the war has left us, for an elevation of the standard of appreciation of all honest industry and toil. This, and to show also that the main factor leading to successful results in the battle of life is for the young man to bathe largely and constantly in the fountain of Hope. If I have succeeded in any degree in accomplishing these objects, whatever may be the defects, I shall feel amply rewarded for permitting its publication.

THOMAS MAXWELL.

THE KING BEE'S DREAM.



PART I.



THE KING BEE'S DREAM:
OR,
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF
TUSKALOOSA.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. — THE DRUIDS, THEIR LEGENDS, ETC. — THE
DREAMER. — VISION OF DERWENT-WATER. — ARIEL THE DRU-
IDESS. — SHE COUNSELS DEPARTURE TO THE LAND OF THE
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FRIEND, UPON CONDITION OF INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY, AND
ALSO OF HER SISTER MINNEHAHA, OR LAUGHING-WATER. —
BY-LAWS FOR LIFE, OR THE SAGE'S MAXIMS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — MEMBERS OF THE "DRUID
CITY LITERARY CLUB":—

OBEDIENT to your friendly call,
I stand within your classic Hall,
To see if aught that I may tell
Perchance may make your bosoms swell,

Or stir your hearts — the Druid band —
With interest in your native land ;
Yet claim indulgence on the score
Of limited scholastic lore.

The critic's mercy, too, I crave,
'T were wise economy to save
His poisoned shafts for nobler game,
If aught in error I proclaim.
" *God's speakers*," Druids, all define
The mortal errs, — not the Divine.

Besides, 't is known that want of time
Might leave some blemish in my rhyme,
Since vending goods from morn till night
Can scarcely aid a man to write
In smooth and even flowing strain ;
And *Meek*,¹ like Johnson, might complain,
Whose mind and matter, when combined,
Outweigh most others of mankind.

¹ Professor B. F. Meek, of the University of Alabama, a most weighty gentleman, and one of the literary critics of the city.

Again,—'t is known that on my shield
The *Bee Hive*¹ covers all the field ;
And though for daily bread I pray,
I use God's medium day by day,
And have acquired, in parlance free,
The soubriquet of *Old King Bee*.
And strange, yea, passing strange 't would seem,
This Old King Bee would sometimes dream,
Have visions pass before his mind,
Of interest dear to human kind.
But these would, transient, pass away,
Amid the turmoil of the day.

One such, of some historic power —
The product of a slumb'ring hour —
Beneath a shelt'ring Druid's shade
Of Sacred Oaks, in deep green glade
Where Mistletoe allured the sight
(Love's emblematic parasite),
While Derwent rolled her tide along,
Accompanied by the linnet's song,

¹ The author's place of business has a Bee Hive above the door, hence the title *King Bee*.

In days long past, — in early youth,
When hope took all things bright for truth.
Another, — by the Warrior's stream
And classic Halls, — came in a dream,
So mellowed by the summer's eve,
It seemed a paradise to live ;
Prophetic, part, — historic, some,
Forecasting blessings yet to come.
This latter is the Druid's sphere ;
And since I've been elected here
To fill an honored, favored place,
This Druid's privilege I embrace.

THE DRUIDS, THEIR LEGENDS, ETC.

Let your indulgence, then, be mine,
Whilst I invoke the sisters nine
To grant us here, for one brief hour,
Some part of their poetic power :
And in an unpretending verse
Our ancient privileges rehearse.
And, as we claim a noble birth,
What is our record here on earth ?
To answer this, come go with me
Across the broad Atlantic sea :

And let imagination fling
Her brightest gems, whilst thus I sing
What splendid glories filled their horn,
Long ere the Son of Man was born,
When Odin, of celestial birth,
Embraced a daughter of the earth,
On Albion's Isle, mid Cumbrian hills,
By Derwent's Lake,— where all the rills
Sang murm'ring peans through the vale,
And whisper'd far the priestly tale
“*God's Seers*” had told them from above,
Of caution, comfort, and of love.

They recognized a ruling God,
Ere Israel bowed to Moses' rod ;
They claimed for man an endless soul,
And held all knowledge in control :
So ancient is their Celtic claim,
'T is e'en unknown from whence they came ;
In minstrelsy the harp they strung,
And on the hills *Te Deums* sung ;
In deep astrology profound,
They measured time for nations round :

From heavenly signs events foretold,
For all the tribes, — the young, the old, —
And with a supernatural skill,
With plants and herbs, cured every ill :
Inspired their youth with strength and love,
Within the sacred oaken grove,
Where'er the mistletoe was hung.
'T was there the Druids' songs were sung.
Amid their temples reared on high,
Near where Helvellyn¹ cleaves the sky ;
Where Heaven's decrees for man were told
By priestly lips in days of old :
And where the magic circle stands
Which bowed the world to their demands,
While dying victims would proclaim,
The stones were sacred and the flame ;
And heaven's high dome was stretched above,
T' embrace all men in folds of love.

There Derwent's Lake, calm and serene,
Sweetly reflects a charming scene,

¹ Helvellyn is one of the highest mountains in Cumberland and overlooks one of the most celebrated Druid temples, or circles, in England.

And seeks a bride in Cocker's flood,
Meand'ring through the meads and wood,
And thus conjoined flows to the sea,
An emblem of felicity ;
And with one name rolls on apace,
The distant Solway to embrace,
Whose twice-diurnal bounding roar,
Reverberates on either shore ;
On Scotia's and on Britain's strand,
Where ships now sail — now lie on sand ;
Where legends say a Druid's dart ¹
Once bid the mighty flood depart,
And ever since the swelling tide
Twice daily comes — but can't abide.
And near their hill the *Bowder-stone*,
Stands like a monument alone
Of Druid force, — for legends say
Like ship on keel, 't was thrown that way,

¹ The legend is, that long ages past, a Druid prophet stopped the inward flow of the Solway, and saved the whole country from being submerged, by shooting an arrow into the wave at the foot of the river Esk, and though the tides flow in there every twelve hours, yet since that time, the ebb-tide sets back instantly on reaching that point.

To crush an evil spirit, when
He prowled among the sons of men :
And favored damsels through its keel
The plighted palm must surely feel,
Or fortune will withdraw her smile,
And leave them barren all the while.
And nearer still lies St. John's Vale,
The scene of Scotch Sir Walter's tale ;
Where Arthur wooed on hill and plain
The Druid bride of Triermain.
For Druidesses graced the charm,
And kept the sacred altars warm
With vestal flames from heaven above,
And reigned supreme in song and love ;
Who by the magic of their birth
Were part of heaven, and part of earth :
Just as the daughters of our day
Can rule us with their gentle sway,
Till in their toils, — 't is scarcely given
To know if we 're on earth or heaven.
And Druid daughters rule there still,
By some celestial power of will :
Decrees from Rome, and Roman walls,
Have not subdued these mystic calls.

This much, my friends, I've simply told,
Of Druids in the days of old,
Who by their gifts of spell and dream,
Along the banks of Derwent's stream,
Could stir the heart with potent fire,
And in their sacred groves inspire
The painted tribes of near or far,
To works of peace or deeds of war:
Who by their eloquence and mind
Ruled all around them of mankind,
And left such impress on the earth,
Near where your orator had birth,
That mountain, river, grove, and dell,
All, stories of the Druids tell,
And wild enchantment lingers still,
In every vale, on every hill,
Till youthful minds are overcome
With wondrous dreams of things to come.

THE DREAMER.

In years gone by one such I knew,
Who mid these scenes to manhood grew,
Who took tradition all for truth,
Where Derwent laves fair Cocker's mouth,

Beneath an ancient tower which stood
O'erlooking Derwent's limpid flood.
Who soothed by murmurs of the streams,
Was fed on legends and on dreams,
Where Wordsworth struck his tuneful lyre,¹
While Southey breathed poetic fire,
And Coleridge echoed back the chime,
In measured tones of sweetest rhyme,
Till such enchantment filled his ears
Amid this music of the spheres,
That he became a dreaming child,
Enwrapt in visions wholly wild,
And took a vow to separate
The godless union, *Church and State* ;
Or failing this, to some day flee
To freedom's home beyond the sea.
For ere he grew to man's estate,
His heart was filled with seeds of hate,
To see salvation weighed with gold —
The priestly office bought and sold,
Where unbelief could daily grow,
Beneath the sanctions of the law ;

¹ The poet Wordsworth and the author were born on the same acre of ground, in Cockermouth.

Till, smitten by the skeptic's rod,
He almost felt there was no God.
But conscience, and the signs of plan
Throughout all space, for weal of Man,
Forbade this thought, — and he would dream
These evils are not what they seem,
The work of God upon the earth,
And thus the babe of Bethlehem's birth
Became all clear, — a God-like scheme,
Mankind's corruptions to redeem.
To change these wrongs throughout the land,
He joined a hopeful Spartan band,
Young England named, who strove to blot
From Albion's shield the damned spot.
Sad gift of bad King Henry's crime,
Who sought to render lust sublime,
By some things good, but more things ill ;
Woes which afflict Britannia still.
With all the energy of youth,
Armed with the panoply of truth,
This band, by Reformation, sought
To bring these evils unto nought ;
But vested rights, with custom's shield,
Though public wrongs, are hard to yield ;

And sophistry can always plead
Some argument for human greed,
And this poor youth soon found 't was vain
To fight the mountain from the plain :
That many a year must wax and wane
Ere justice, truth, and right would reign :
And he would roam by Derwent's flood,
Brooding o'er wrongs and public good,
And overcast with thought and care
His heart would yield to blank despair,
Till, calmed by ripples of the stream,
'Neath Druid Oaks his soul would dream.
One dream succeeded such a strife,
Which changed the current of his life,
And sent him far beyond the sea
To seek new home and liberty.

THE VISION OF DERWENT-WATER.

ARIEL THE DRUIDESS. — SHE COUNSELS DEPARTURE TO THE LAND OF THE COTTON PLANT. — PLEDGES ASSISTANCE FROM AN AGED FRIEND, AND FROM HER SISTER MINNEHAHA, OR LAUGHING-WATER, CONDITIONED UPON ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY. — BY-LAWS FOR LIFE, OR THE SAGE'S MAXIMS.

Near where an ancient castle¹ stood
(Derwent embracing Cocker's flood
Beneath its ivy-covered walls),
With *turret, keep, and Baron's Halls*,
Where Norman knight and courtly Dane
Held revels near the sacred fane,
While minstrels made their passions glow
Wildly — nine centuries ago :

¹ Cocker-mouth Castle stands on an artificial hill immediately at the junction of the Derwent and the Cocker, and, with its towers covered with ivy, is a most picturesque object, set amid beautiful scenery. The soil on which it stands is said by tradition to have been brought from Ireland. The ancient borough nestles in the beautiful valley beneath its walls, on both sides of the Cocker, and around its mouth — hence the name of the town.

'T was here, beyond old Derwent's stream,
Our hero had this wond'rous dream,
'Mid groves, where once a Druid's shrine
O'erlooked the limpid water line,
Whose magic stones were placed on high,
To greet the Monarch of the sky.
It seemed he lay on heathy bed,
Cowslips and daisies couched his head,
And bleating lambkins, grazing round,
Soothed him with their plaintive sound,
While busy bees their nectar found
Within his pillow on the ground,
While o'er his couch, the trees among,
The thrush and robin tuned their song,
And sent the joyous sound on high,
As rippling Derwent floated by.
But midst all this, a vision bright
From out the wave transfixed his sight.
A female form was seen to rise,
Resplendent as the summer skies:
A nymph of beauty rarely seen,
"Who walked the waters like a queen."
Her tissue robe of azure hue
Revealed her perfect beauty through ;

Her stately mien and peerless face
Were signets of a noble race.
O'er him she waved her magic wand,
Then struck her lyre with graceful hand.
Her head with eagle plumage crowned,
And gracefully with laurel bound,
Betokened something more than earth
Had ruled her destiny at birth ;
While with Æolian tones and song,
She sang, and paced the waves along.

ARIEL, THE DRUIDESS.

Awake, O, youth! — This mundane sphere
Is not my home, to linger here :
On land, on sea, and in the air,
My *protégés* are everywhere :
My name is Ariel, and I stand
The guardian genius of this land.
A daughter of the Druid race
Is not confined to time and place,
But by her birthright lives in air,
And with the gods her rights compare.
My ancestors, in days gone by,
Stone temples raised beneath this sky,

All open to the face of day,
Where nations did their homage pay ;
And from these hills by Derwent's stream,
Ruled all the world by spell and dream :
Until the cross, by Romans brought,
Subjected Britons to their thought ;
And ever since, we float through space,
Staunch guardians of our Albion race,
And indirectly rule them still,
By tradition, or by our will.
Thy thoughts have reached above yon sky ;
And with commission from on high
I come upon a zephyr's wing,
To give instruction whilst I sing.
Awake, then ! O thou slumb'ring youth,
And listen to my words of truth !
Since thou hast felt ambition's fire,
On Britain's Isle thy heart's desire
Can never be accomplished ; here
Grim tribulation, toil, and fear,
Will mark thy path. — Thou must depart,
To sate these longings of thy heart.
Thy home lies west, across the sea
There dwells thy race, and liberty ;

Where we have sent a mighty throng,
Inspired by ancient Druid's song,
And by elective Druid's sway,
To build an empire in a day :
And where, in conclave held on high
Above yon clear cerulean sky,
We have decreed thy race shall rule,
And nations come like youths to school.
There great Mondamin nobly stands,
With tasselled blessings in his hands,
Who, in our councils ages past,
Vowed his assistance to the last,
To save for man a hemisphere,
While Druids built their temples here ;
Ere God-like Odin took for bride
My Mother, from Helvellyn's side,
And both raised altars to the Sun,
When Japheth's work on earth was done.
There great Mondamin bids thee *come*,
The prophet of the golden plume.
There thou shalt see his nymph-like daughter,
Minnehaha — Laughing Water,
My sister of immortal blood,
Whose birthplace is the sparkling flood.

Then go where snow-flake on the trees
Hangs pendent in the summer breeze.
Nor melts beneath a tropic sun,
Which (by the skill of Arkwright spun,
And children's labor,—whilst they sing,
With Whitney's aid) becomes a king.
Go,—where no feudal rights prevail,
Nor *church and state*, nor law's entail.
Behold these Oaks,—like them be strong,
Resisting ever what is wrong.
Behold that Mistletoe above,
Like it embrace all thoughts of love.
Behold that busy humming Bee,
Like it seek wealth 'neath every tree.—
And make a symbol of its *Hive*,
If in the new world thou wouldst thrive.
And keep this emblem full in view,
Suggestive of the work to do.
But mark me well—ere thou depart
Trace deep this lesson on thy heart:
Amid thy search for fortune there,
Shun mountain-laurel, and beware
Of buds and blossoms which contain
Poison for the mortal brain.

The honey which its flow'rets give,
Produces death to all that live.¹
All sweets forbidden thou must shun,
If thou wouldst hear thy Lord's *well done!*
Industry, save in honor given,
Will lead not up to gate of heaven.
This pledge, and I will find a friend,
Whose love shall help thee to the end;
Material help, and wisdom sage,
Just suited to thy state and age.
And I will give thee words of song,
To sing his praises all life long.
His maxims based on rock of truth,
Thou shalt transmit to other youth,
And every muse within this vale,
Shall aid thee to record the tale.

Thus sang the Druid Genius fair,
Then vanished in translucent air,
Just as the youth sprang to embrace
Her nymph-like form,—but grasped at space,

¹ Where bees have access to the flowers of mountain laurel,
it is said to poison the honey.

And struggling with the crystal stream,
Cried out, "*Alas ! 'tis all a dream !*"
Not so, however, for that day
Put friend and counsel in his way,
Who loaded him with silver crowns,
And maxims sage, instead of frowns,
To guide him through the shoals of strife,
As compass-needle of his life :
Like gold in worth, — yet not like gold,
In that they shrink not, growing old ;
But like sweet Ariel's endless youth,
They stand forever, — solid truth ;
And if you'll grant a list'ning ear,
I'll venture to repeat them here :
Perchance some youthful Druid mind
Food for digestion here may find.

BY-LAWS FOR LIFE, OR THE SAGE'S ADVICE.

Young friend, — I'm old, and fain would be
Of service, and of use to thee,
When thou art gone beyond the sea.

Now list : and I will tell thee where
To guard thyself with greatest care.

In that great Empire of the West
Bear this in mind: 'tis ever best
To trust thyself with aims and ends;
To use, but not abuse, thy friends.
Encase thyself in maxims good,
'Tis needful as thy daily food.
To have the rules of life defined,
Saves great embarrassment of mind.

Wouldst thou in life achieve success?
Whate'er thine income,—live on less.
Wouldst thou have a growing plan?
Make something out of every man.
(By fair exchange in times of need,
But not by fraud, or acts of greed.
Ne'er once forget thy neighbor's right,
But keep the "Golden Rule" in sight.)

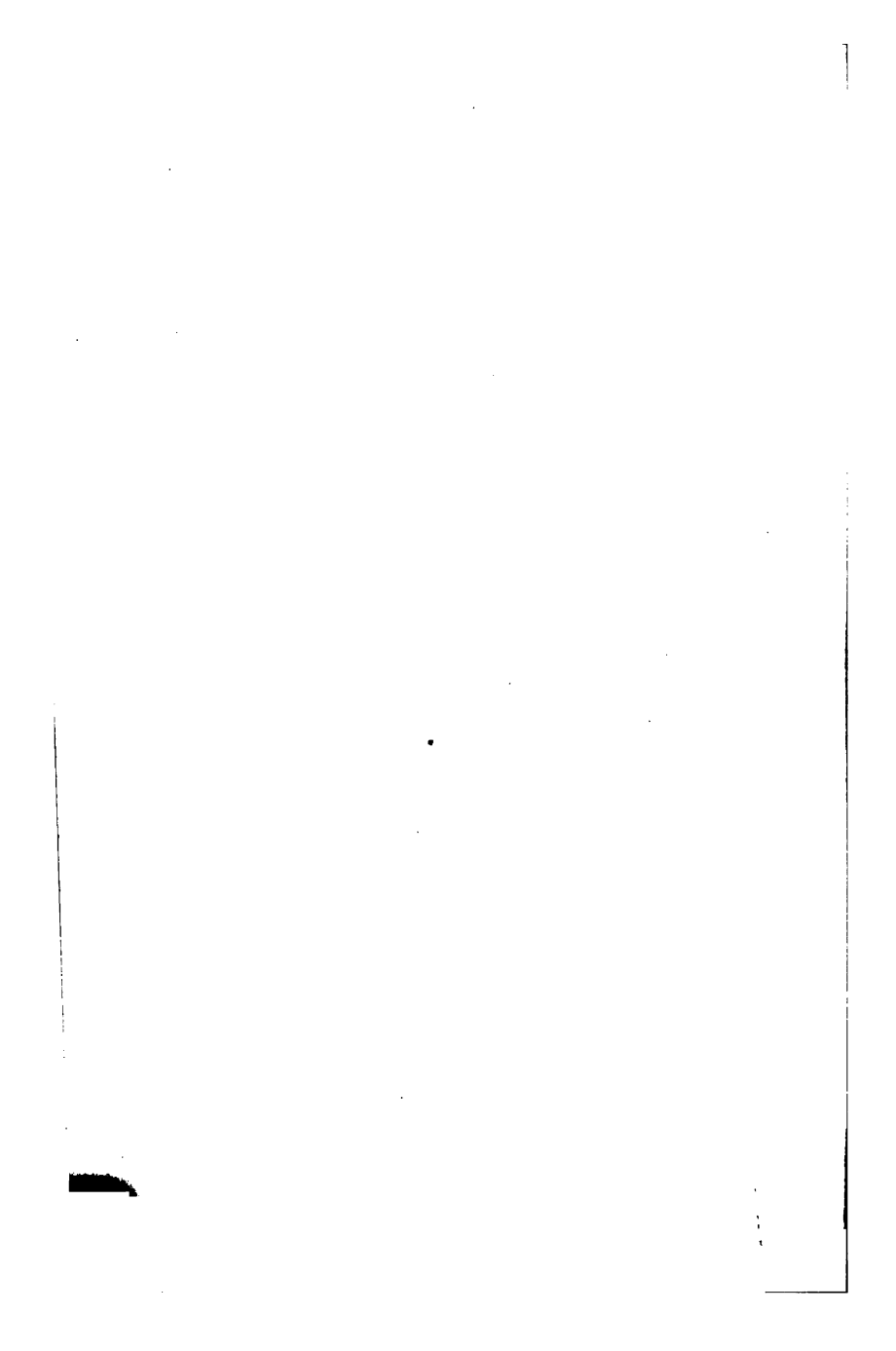
Wouldst thou be deemed a man of sense?
Avoid all mere extravagance.
Wouldst thou with clearness ever think?
All brothels shun, and never drink.
Wouldst thou a name for honor get?
Then never gamble, never bet.

Wouldst thou thy word should be as gold?
Let ne'er a lie by thee be told.
Wouldst thou avoid becoming poor?
To shun all surety is sure.
Wouldst thou still grow while others sleep?
Work day and night, but never weep
O'er milk that's spilled upon the ground,
And fortune to thy lap shall bound.

Be not in haste to grasp the prize,
But slowly, safely, surely rise.
Help all thy kindred (when thou can),
And prove to them thou art a man.
And when thou'rt rich, wouldst thou be wise?
Give to the poor some sacrifice.
Beyond all this, — till life shall end,
Take thou the Bible for thy friend.

END OF PART FIRST.

PART II.



PART II.

THE VOYAGE. — FAREWELL TO HOME. — ARIEL'S VISION OFF THE
IRISH COAST. — SONG OF HOPE. — DIALOGUE OF TIME AND
HOPE. — MORBIDNESS CONDEMNED, INTEREST IN OTHERS THE
CURE. — JAMAICA. — CUBA. — A STORM. — TROPHIES OF THE
DEEP. — DAUPHIN ISLAND, MOBILE BAY. — ARIEL'S LAST VIS-
IT. — LEGEND OF PASCAGOULA BAY.

THE VOYAGE.

Armed with these rules our hero stood,
And gazed on wild St. George's flood,
While far beyond the ocean's roar
Caused feelings never felt before.
While hopes and fears did almost blend,
His heart rehearsed what Scott had penned :
*"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land,"*
And throbbed with wild pulsations grand.
Then all of love he'd left behind
In legions crowded o'er his mind,
While gushing tears coursed down his cheek,
Choking the words he strove to speak,

And half relenting, he would then
Have fain returned to Derwent's glen.
But o'er his head the outstretched sail,
Like monster wing, embraced the gale,
And bounding o'er the azure wave,
'T was all too late the voyage to save.
What soft emotions filled his soul
(As sympathy beyond control
Sent one last glance at Britain's Isle),
His pen wrote down in humble style,
Because bright Ariel had said,
He should command the Muse's aid.
And though devoid of classic power,
'T will help to while away this hour,
To show how tenderly the man
Essayed the task, who thus began
To note the workings of his mind,
When all he loved was left behind.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Farewell, my native land, farewell!
Though ne'er I see thee more,
Yet still in fancy will I dwell

Where Cocker's waters roar.
And in imagination stray,
By Derwent's rolling stream,
And recollect each youthful day
When life was all a dream.

Farewell, my native Cumbrian hills,
Which oft I've wandered o'er,
And all ye limpid, murm'ring rills,
I ne'er may see you more:
But whilst in other climes I roam,
In other fields I rove,
I'll paint the pleasing scenes of home,
In Alabama's grove.

Farewell, my loving kindred all!
Alas, I hear each sigh,
Which brings love's waters from the soul,
Love's tears from every eye;
I leave you now, but hope to meet
With each and all again:
Then dry those tears, make love complete,
By not increasing pain.

Farewell, companions of my youth,
Associates of my heart,
Still bound by Friendship, Love, and Truth,
United though we part,
It is a separation fraught
With pain and grief to me ;
But let me bear it as I ought
Across this heaving sea.

- This maiden effort simply shows,
How love of home and kindred glows,
When youth must bid a last adieu
To home-land melting out of view.
His writing thus brought sweet relief,
As tears assuage the keenest grief.
A compound strange is youthful mind, —
Now, to despondency resigned ;
Anon succeeds a genial light,
Hope strikes the soul and all is bright.
This youth, in gloom, first paced the deck,
With sensibility a wreck ;
When sudden, near the bulwark stood
The form he saw on Derwent's flood,

Who touched him with her magic wand,
And on the anchor laid her hand :
Singing with sweet angelic voice,
Words which made his heart rejoice ;
They flowed like nectar from her tongue
While with the Druid's lyre she sung.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

Behold, O youth, I come again,
To cheer thee o'er this foaming main,
Resist despairing feelings here,
And let thy heart be free from fear ;
Look not behind, but look before,
For blessings on Columbia's shore,
Where thou by labor and with care
Can all of wealth and bounty share.
Combining prudence, hope, and zeal,
Shun all despondency, and feel
Thy steps shall still command my care,
If my behests are practiced there.
A new career hast thou begun ;
By perseverance things are won.
Keep Hope forever in thy view ;

Her balm is like the morning dew,
Which fructifies the buds of earth,
And stimulates to moral worth,
To reach beyond yon heaven above,
For all of comfort, all of love.
Behold this anchor, where we stand ;
Adopt it both on sea and land,
As emblem of the hope I give
To all who would improve and live :
For 't is by emblems Druids teach,
The lessons which all others preach.

Morbidness Condemned. — Interest in others the Cure.

With Hope in view then cease to sigh,
And wipe those glist'ning eye-lids dry.
Take interest in the things around
Observe old Ocean, most profound.
See where the porpoise bounds along,
Who seems as though he heard my song.
Behold the fish of silver wing
Falls on the deck to hear me sing ;
And monster sharks are watching near,
To seize on something in our rear.

And mark the dying Dolphin's sheen,
Chameleon-like, — now red, now green.
See Ocean's king, the mighty whale,
Snorting defiance at our sail.

And Mother Carey's chickens fling
Discordant notes, whilst thus I sing :
And when the evening falls around,
Bounding o'er the liquid ground,
Note the sparkling waters, where
Phosphorescent rubies are.

All these should claim thy daily care—
Things of the present, things that are.
The future is but known to One,
While all the past, — *like me is gone.*

VISION OFF THE IRISH COAST.

With this the vision soared on high,
And seemed to melt into the sky :
Just as the sun, with glowing smile,
Illumed the coast of Erin's Isle,
Where, mingling with the em'rald green,
Mid foam and spray were clearly seen
Two figures rarely seen on earth,

Of sprite-like, supernatural birth.
One smoothed the furrows of the plain,
Anchored to the sparkling main ;
And *one*, with ancient giddy wheel,
Essayed life's epic to reveal ;
And all along the verdant shore,
Was heard above the ocean's roar,
With harp-accompaniment and rhyme,
This dialogue of Hope and Time.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TIME AND HOPE.

I.

Hope. — Roll on old Time — thou canst not kill
The buds that in my borders bloom,
Though thou hast nurtured every ill,
From the cradle to the tomb :
And thou hast tried in every lake,
To drown me in the rippling wave,
Yet still I stand, alive, awake,
And boldly in thy ocean lave.

II.

Time. — I will roll on, and thou shalt know,
Thy stem shall wither and decay,

A thousand breezes as they blow,
Shall not dispel my blight away :
And thou shalt pine o'er visions past,
And dream of joys still unpossessed,
And I will make thee to the last,
A spirit more accursed than blest.

III.

Hope. — I heed thee not with all thy power ;
I am immortal e'en like thee,
And since thou hadst thy natal hour
We've trod this road, Eternity.
And thou hast been to man unkind,
For when I'd heal some suff'rer's pain,
Or cheer the lonely wand'rer's mind,
Then opposition makes thee vain.

IV.

Time. — Delusive Hope, thinkst thou that I
Can stop my wheel for mortal man,
Or wait till thou some scheme should try,
To mend the great Jehovah's plan ?
'T is not for me to think or feel
What passes in a mortal's breast,

'T is *mine* to work this mighty *wheel*,
Nor suffer e'en a moment's rest.

V.

Hope. — Unfeeling Time, — roll on thy course,
Mine is a nobler duty still ;
'T is *mine* to soothe that awful curse,
Which works till woe hath drank her
fill.
'T is mine to ease the widow's pain,
To calm the sorrows of the poor,
And when sweet orphan babes complain
'T is mine to make their comfort sure.

VI.

Time. — Unthinking Hope, — dost thou repine
That I pursue this straight career ?
Youth, Age, Vice, Virtue, all are mine,
E'en Falsehood, Truth, Love, Hate,
and Fear.
A task to each hath been assigned,
And I have mine distinctly drawn.
'T is *thine* to cheer the drooping mind,
'T is *mine* to work this wheel alone.

VII.

Hope. — Well, be it so, and from this hour
I'll go where hopeless mortals mourn ;
And thou shalt feel that I have power
To make thy wheel with smoothness
run :
And shouldst thou plant one single grain
Of dismal sorrow, death, or blight,
There will I be to ease the pain,
And chase the gloomy mists of night.

Our hero, stunned, gazed all around,
Lost in amazement most profound ;
And since that hour, on land or tide
Hath kept Hope's anchor for his guide.
And so throughout that voyage, his mind
Cast morbid feelings far behind,
And took fresh interest, all the way,
In the transactions of the day,
Till fish and fowl, calm, storm, or flood,
Were incidents like daily food,
And Thespian labors on the stage,
To slaughter time, became the rage,

And nights were spent in dance and song
Thus to beguile the voyage along.

JAMAICA.

And then fresh joy and zest he found,
To stand once more on British ground ;
On fair Jamaica's tropic soil,
And see the sable sons of toil,
Just freed from chattelhood, and know
What were the workings of the law. —
A law, which proved the nation's might,
Yet recognized the owner's right
To compensation, fair and full,
Like honest John, surnamed *The Bull*.
'T was here he learned, a mere decree
In safety cannot make men free :
That time and progress must precede,
Ere nations should this right concede,
Or barbarism will surely rule,
When wisdom sits beneath the fool.
Philanthropy is oftentimes blind,
And checks the progress of mankind.

CUBA.

'T was grand along these isles to sail,
To view their beauties, and inhale
The balmy odors of the breeze,
That float above these tropic seas ;
'Till calmed on Cape Antonia's shore,
Of bliss our youth could ask no more :
When, to explore its wondrous strand,
The *Harriet's* boats with joy were mann'd ;
There, far as eye could scan he found,
Covering all the beach around,
Marvelous forms of extinct life,
Thrown out amid the ocean's strife,
Late tenants of the Carib deep,
Now bleaching in eternal sleep :
And strewed along the burning shore,
In thousand forms ne'er seen before,
Each in its oceanic form,
A witness of that mighty storm
When the gulf's hot stream was hurled,
By God's decree to warm a world.
And, like a wreath, the coast was strewn
With shells of beauty all its own ;

With tinted coral-rock, and tree,
From out the Caribbèan Sea.

From hence recalled by signal-gun,
The voyage across the Gulf begun.
(For, here the breezes often rise,
Without a warning from the skies.)
All bid farewell to Cuba's shore,
And in one hour were bounding o'er
That deep abyss whose waves expand
To Alabama — promised land !

A STORM.

It is decreed that man shall pay
For all the pleasures of his day :
And long before the midnight hour,
A storm of such transcendent power
Spread o'er the Gulf, in turmoil wild,
Our hero trembled like a child.
The ship was tossed towards the sky,
On billows that ran mountains high ;
And while suspended in the air,
Her sails well furled with all the care

A prudent sailor could desire,
Her masts would seize the liquid fire,
One moment like a halo bright,
Then, plunged into the blackest night,
Would sink into the hollow wave,
While thunders roared around her grave,
And all the fiends of Pluto's realm
Seemed screaming round about her helm ;
And our poor youth would sigh for home,
Believing his last hour had come.

TROPHIES OF THE DEEP.

Not so, my friends ; the ship rode free
Over those dangers of the sea,
And when the morrow's sunrise came,
All hearts bowed down to bless His name
Who holds within His mighty hand
His creatures' lives on sea or land.
And then our hero counted o'er
His trophies from Antonia's shore ;
Some wond'rous trees, from ocean's bed,
Of coral growth, white, green, and red,

Would take his fancy down to see
Whole groves of these beneath the sea.
One hundred living conchs were there,
Enameled with such beauty rare,
He worked with joy for days to come,
And polished them for friends at home.
Feeling an endless, pure delight,
As each new beauty came in sight,
To think what Cumbrian maid or friend
Should prize the token he would send !

DAUPHIN ISLAND.

Amidst all this the good ship flew,
Till Alabama came in view,
Just as the evening's sunset smile
Gilded the trees on Dauphin's Isle,¹
Beneath whose fever-stricken shade
Many a British form was laid
In menacing Columbia free,
To keep the trident of the sea.

¹ The anchorage-ground for large ships, twenty-seven miles below Mobile, seaward. Dauphin Island was occupied by British troops during the War of 1812. During that occupation malarial disease destroyed more men than have been lost in important battles. This was told to the author by one of the survivors.

"Land, ho!" aloft, the look-out cried,
As one grand cheer swept o'er the tide;
And while the anchor forth was cast
Our active hero climbed the mast
To view the promised land at last,
As the sun went down to rest
In his mansion of the west,
And darkness shrouded Mobile Bay,
Where anchored safe the *Harriet* lay.

ARIEL'S LAST VISIT. LEGEND OF PASCAGOULA
BAY.

And here, once more, his guardian came
Amid the shrouds, and called his name.
Stand firm, she cried, thou need'st not fear,
Though Albion's sons were slaughtered here
In futile war. I give thee now
The crown of health to deck thy brow.
Hope's anchor is not lost, my friend,
Its chain shall hold thee to the end.
Within this land all honest toil
Shall share the bounties of the soil.
With health's endowment thou shalt find
Both food and progress for the mind;

But if from prudence thou shalt stray,
Fair Fortune's gifts shall flee away.
Yet I will hover round thee still,
And aid thee with my guardian will.
My sister, Minnehaha, too,
Shall guide thee all thy troubles through.
She lives within the realms of dream,
And rides upon the crystal stream
From Minnesota's flow'ry plain
Down to the Gulf Stream's flowing main.
Beneath her footsteps flow'rets spring,
And all the birds her praises sing ;
Her lineage backward she can trace
To great Mondamin's noble race.
And here, on Pascagoula's shore,
Her sister sings forevermore
From out the chambers of the deep,
A plaintive dirge, like *those* who weep,
And legends say, beneath this flood
She sought to die but never could.
With soul untaught by Heaven above,
Seeking oblivion for her love,
She fled for rest beneath the wave,
To wound an unresponding *Brave* :

And for this sin, by God's decree,
Was doomed, with shells beneath the sea,
To sing that wailing, endless song,
That strikes the ear, this coast along
At even-tide, in mournful chime,
In expiation of her crime:
For *Gitché Manito* hath sworn,
No creature of a woman born
Shall seize for mortal love or strife,
His great prerogative of life.¹

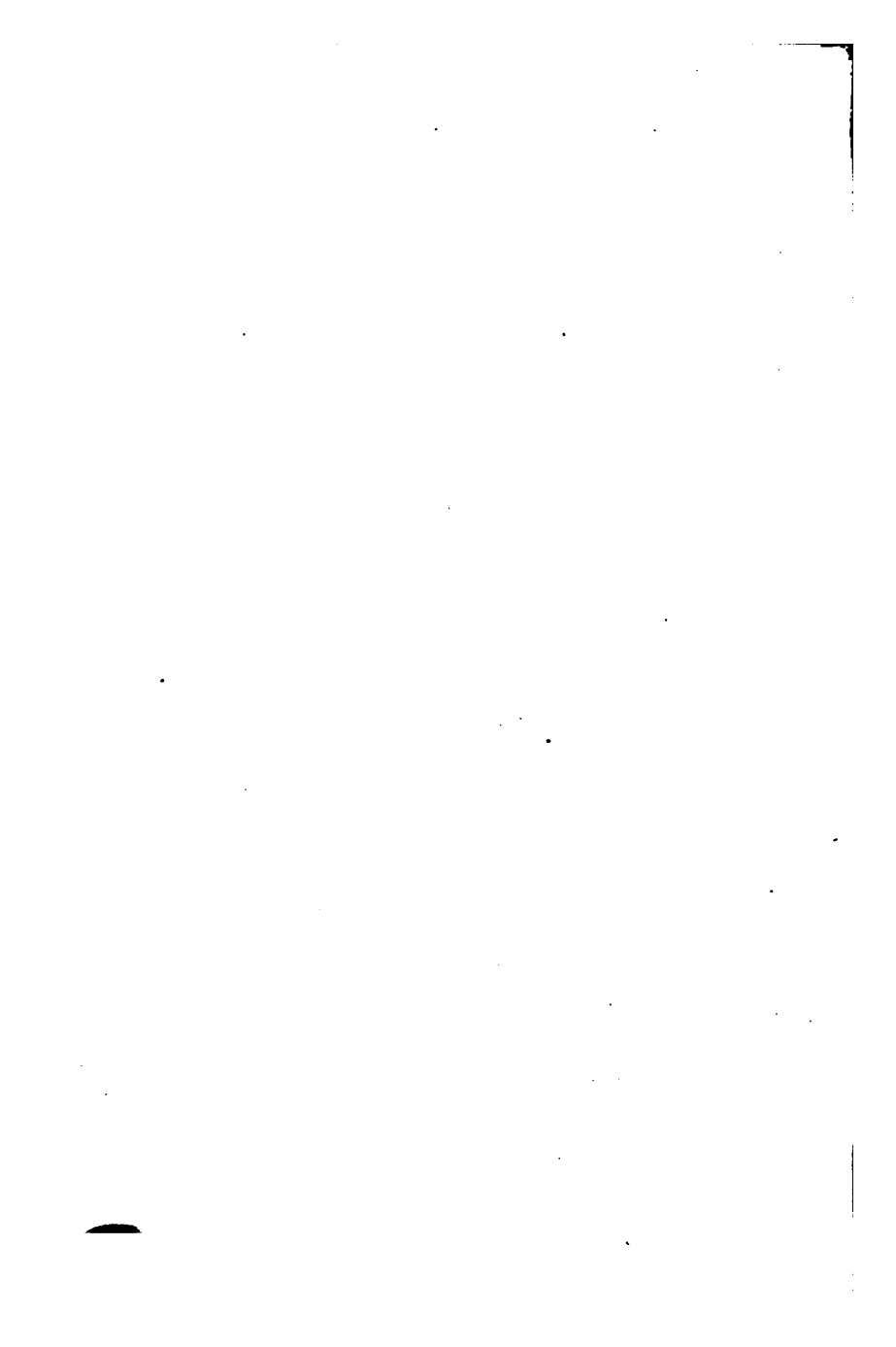
With hope and Minnehaha, then,
Go, fight life's battles among men.
Keep bright thy courage all the while,
Though fortune may not always smile.
And if thy future honor bring,
Still, Albion's praises thou shalt sing,
Assert, and glory in her worth,

¹ This beautiful legend of the musical Bay of Pascagoula, was told to the author in 1837, by the Cherokee chief Mr. John Gunter, formerly of Guntersville, Tennessee, an educated and cultivated gentleman. The author never having seen it in print, inserts it here to preserve it. The musical sounds are well attested by those familiar with the locality.

For in her bounds, the best of earth
In ages past have had their birth.
Go, with full loyalty sustain
The flag that floats o'er this domain,
Fair Alabama's flood and field,
With, "Here we rest," upon her shield.
Salute the soil within thy view,
And now receive my last adieu,
Ere I return to Derwent's stream,
Where first I met thee in a dream.

END OF PART SECOND.

PART III.



PART III.

INVOCATION TO ALABAMA. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TUSKALOOSA. — DREAM AT THE UNIVERSITY FALLS ON WARRIOR RIVER. — SONG BY AN ENGLISHMAN. — VISION OF MINNEHAHA. — MINNEHAHA'S PROPHECY. — INDIAN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF HIS RACE. — APOTHLEOHOLA'S ADDRESS. — MINNEHAHA'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BLACK WARRIOR'S FALLS, AND ORIGIN OF THE NAME TUSKALOOSA.

INVOCATION TO ALABAMA.

*Inspired by hearing for the first time the Mobile Christmas Church
Bells' Chimes.*

Hail! Land of Washington, the good!
And every mountain, plain, and flood
Within thy bounds, this blessed morn
When Christ, "The Son of Man" was born.

All hail! sweet sounding church bells' chime,
Which tells us how the flight of time,
Recalls that mystery of birth —
Which linked Jehovah to the earth.

I come a pilgrim to thy shore,
To join my fate forevermore

To thine, and plant an altar here,
In great Mondamin's hemisphere ;
A shrine of home, and fain would sing
While poised aloft on Fancy's wing
The hopes which hang o'er this domain,
Fair Alabama's mount and plain.

Grant me but health and strength of nerve
To labor still, but never swerve
(Amid the snares surrounding youth)
Beyond the boundaries of truth.
Grant me humility to see,
That in a land where man is free,
Each holds an architect within,
Who would fair Fortune's favor win ;
And he must build the surest way,
By small accretions day by day ;
That he must toil, whose hand would thrive,
Like busy bee within its hive,
Nor spurn small favors when they come ;
Who would erect a stable home,
Must work and wait if he would see
The grand result — *Prosperity*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TUSKALOOSA.

Thus sang our youth with hopeful glow,
On landing forty years ago.
Then, throwing sentiment behind,
And all the poesy of mind,
He went to work with might and main,
Seeking for bread on hill or plain,
Or on the river's flowing stream,
As had been told him in his dream.

By merest accident, he found
A boat for Tuskaloosa bound,
Whose fame for educating youth,
Had named her "*Athens of the South.*"
Her strange, yet sweet euphonious name
Betokened how and whence it came,
Through the red children of the sun,
From whom this wilderness was won.
And true, though strange it may appear,
The hope of meeting red men here,
Or some small remnant of a tribe,
Made him embark as second scribe,

And thus be left upon your shore,
A denizen for evermore ;
And ever since his soul has blest
This Druid city of the west.
When he awoke on New Year's morn
The sun sent forth his gilded horn,
Illuminating with his rays
Yon capitol in golden blaze,
Defining clear its graceful dome,
O'erlooking many a peaceful home ;
And on the plain above the hill,
The sight that did his vision fill,
Of charming homes in sweet repose,
Beneath the myrtle and the rose,
Like nests of comfort and of love,
Protected each in Druid's grove,
Where churches, colleges, and schools
Affirmed that here refinement rules,
And signs of health on every face,
Assured him, he had found the place
The Druid's daughter meant to give,
Where his descendants all might live ;
And he determined there and then,
To strive among his fellow-men,

And ask but this, should fortune please,
To build *his* nest among these trees.

He wandered near Black Warrior's stream,
Hoping the genius of his dream
Might rise from out the flowing main,
And touch him with her wand again :
But isolation made him weep,
As thoughts of home would o'er him creep.
He seemed to hear repeated calls,
From out the rumbling Warrior's falls.
Anon, it seemed from students' halls,
Whose grand rotunda graceful stood,
Just out beyond the deep green wood.
It was a maiden's voice he heard,
Melodious as a mocking-bird,
Just floating o'er the trees along,
With cadence sweet and trilling song,
Until the words became defined
Within the chambers of his mind.
It was a song of home and love,
Commingling with the woods above,
And filled his bosom for the time
With sensibility sublime.

And when she ceased, he thus essayed
To answer back the unseen maid : —

A SONG BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

O lady, sound again that note,
And sing again that song ;
It tells me of a distant land,
Of scenes for which I long.
It tells me of that lovely isle,
A gem amid the sea,
Where fairy Hope began to smile
And cast her smiles on me.

It minds me of those happy days,
When youth began to bloom,
When hope around my sanguine heart,
Dispensed her sweet perfume ;
It minds me of my kindred dear
I've left so far away,
And how they shed affection's tear,
And bade me still to stay.

And now I'm in an alien land,
With strangers round me here,

And every lay that speaks of home
Is welcome to mine ear ;
For there's a spell within the breast,
That binds us to our home,
And mem'ry links to me that isle,
Where'er my lot to roam.

Nor do I blush to own that home,
And trace my lineage there,
Where science sits upon a throne,
Exalted, calm and fair.
And whilst you sing that happy strain,
My mind across the sea
Flies like the Indian warrior's dart,
Propelled by dreams of thee.

Then, lady, sound again that note,
And sing again that song.
It tells me of a distant land,
Of scenes for which I long.
It minds me of that lovely isle,
A gem amid the sea,
Where fairy Hope began to smile
And cast her smiles on me.

VISION OF MINNEHAHA.

These deep outpourings of his mind,
As on the brink he lay reclined,
Seemed taken by the evening breeze
And echoed far beyond the trees,
Until, responsive to his calls,
A form appeared above the falls, —
A glowing apparition bright,
Enveloped in a hazy light,
Whose graceful form and ruddy face
Proclaimed her of the Indian race ;
As she approached within his view,
Seated in her birch canoe,
A hollow reed within her hand,
Which served her as a magic wand ;
Or, as a weapon used in war,
Could waft the poisoned arrow far.
With fawn-like step she left the flood,
And like a vision o'er him stood ;
Then took her reed and traced around,
A magic circle on the ground,

Within which sprung before his view
Bright buds of every shade and hue ;
And with a cadence sweet to hear,
Saluted thus his wond'ring ear :—

MINNEHAHA'S PROPHECY.

Traditions of her Race, and of Tuskaloosa.

Hail ! Hail ! fair youth from Albion's Isle,
I greet thy coming with a smile ;
In me behold Mondamin's daughter,
Minnehaha, — *Laughing Water*.
'T was I who flung upon the breeze
That song which floated o'er the trees,
And drew emotion from thy soul ;
Thus to obtain thy heart's control,
Whilst from tradition I retrace
The legends of our Indian race :
For with the Druid-seers we claim
A like antiquity of name.
The children of Mondamin's blood
Trace back their lineage to the Flood,
And claim for him an equal birth
With all of Noah's sons on earth :

And though the pale face hath denied
Our fourth estate, with conscious pride
We hold our flag was first unfurled
When waters deep submerged the world.
As child of unacknowledged wife,
By stealth alone he saved his life,
Within the chambers of the ark,
When mid the storm the world was dark.
Yet Noah of his presence knew —
He was the dove which latest flew,
And came not to the ark again,
But on the whirlwind crossed the main,
And struck the Rocky Mountain's crest,
To plant an empire in the west.
There, took for wife a spotted fawn,
Who by enchantment soon was grown,
A lovely woman, fair to view,¹
With liquid eyes like morning dew,

¹ This account of the Indian claim to an equal antiquity for his race, was given to the author in 1837 by a half-blood Choctaw Indian, who at that time, as far as the author knows, was the last remnant of his race in Tuskaloosa County. When told how absurd it was to suppose that a fawn could be metamorphosed

And cheeks the hue of fallow deer,
O'erspread with smiles his life to cheer.
And here before thee now I stand,
A daughter of Mondamin's land,
Who erst was Hiawatha's bride,
But, to the eyes of mortals, died ;
Yet gifted, with the power to live
In perpetuity, and give
Such counsel as our tribes may need,
When with despair their bosoms bleed.
Like thy fair friend on Derwent's stream,
I teach them in the land of dream ;
And 't is decreed that I may go,
O'er all this continent, and show
The love which great Mondamin bore,
For his dear race in days of yore ;
And lead them in the paths of peace,
When war, and strife, and blood shall cease ;

into a woman, he replied that it was just as likely as the making of a woman out of a man's rib ; that in that story the white man was doing just as he had always done, — utterly ignoring the red man's claims, — with his history of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, but that it was certain the progenitor of the red man was there also.

And that where'er I plant my feet,
Bright buds shall spring supremely sweet ;
And while I clothe their fields in snow,
I teach their green corn how to grow ;
And where I make the peace pipe blaze,
There springs content and tasseled maize ;
And I have taught their wives to shield
The golden grain within the field,
By traversing at night, the ground,
In undraped innocence around :
For *Gitché Manito* hath said,
No blight shall cross such woman's tread.¹
He sits the red man's God above,
And guides His children by His love.
But discontent fills every soul,
Because the pale-face hath control,
Who drives them by his sov'reign will
From plain to plain, from hill to hill,
Until there seems no resting place
For Hiawatha's scattered race.
With talking-leaf, and bloody cross,
He tells them all of earth is dross,

¹ See *Aneota*, page 83, for tradition of this custom, to shield the crop from ravages of insects and worms.

While from their lands he culls the best,
And drives them farther, farther west,
Without compunction, one by one,
Till late the Cherokees have gone ;
For scarcely twenty moons have passed
Since they succumbed to him at last,
And left their home in Tennessee,
Heart-broken, weeping Cherokee.
While here brave Creeks from Coosa's side,
Swelled with their tears the Warrior's tide,
In token of their last adieu
As these bright falls would fade from view.

PROPHECY.

But mark me well, — The day will come
When war shall blight *his* own fair home.
And this injustice shall return,
With poisoned cup his heart to burn.
*When North and South shall fight for rule,
This land shall be one bloody pool.*
Apothleohola's curse hath given
This prophecy direct from heaven ;
Disdaining to be called a chief,
While but the servant of a thief,

He tore the wampum from his breast,
And thus from *here* his tribe addressed :—

APOTHLEOHOLA'S ADDRESS.

You ask why I weep at thought of departing
From the home our father Manito did give ;
Deep in my sad heart this question so smarting
Calls loud for revenge, and I cannot forgive.

Once here on this plain did my forefathers
roam,
Their arrows drank only the blood of the
deer,
And the Great Spirit smiled from heaven's high
dome
On the maidens who wandered peacefully here.

Yon hill, could it speak from the shade of the
pine,
Where my ancestors' ashes in silence were
laid,
Would mourn for the relic now left of our line,
And beckon my grief-stricken soul to its shade.

No more can our daughters, as free as the air,
Propel the swift shallop, with joy on our
lakes ;

For the white man hath given their hearts to
despair,

The wigwam of love like a demon he takes.

No more can our sons, in the pride of their
race,

Delight with our lovely bronze damsels to
rove ;

The pale-face hath come with the sword of dis-
grace

To cut from each heart the sweet tendrils of
love.

See, see! in the distance fresh armies appear,

Let the war-whoop resound from the brave and
free,

They muster with sword, and the glittering
spear,

To sweep off the Creek and the brave Cher-
okee.

But alas ! 't were vain a resistance to show,
They come in their might, and our birchen
canoe
Must rot in the hands of our hard-hearted foe,
Apothleohola must mutter adieu.¹

MINNEHAHA'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF
BLACK WARRIOR'S FALLS.

Oh ! when shall war and turmoil cease,
And all men smoke the pipe of peace ?
E'en here, these falls and limpid stream
Show in tradition, like a dream,

¹ In 1802 the State of Georgia ceded to the United States all that territory now comprised within the States of Alabama and Mississippi, the United States agreeing to remove the Indians from her borders. This was not finally accomplished until 1835, by special treaties with the tribes themselves. Many chiefs were dissatisfied, and among them Apothleohola, a Creek of great distinction, being prophet and chief. The Creek tribe finally removed through Tuskaloosa in 1835, from beyond the Coosa, and remained there encamped for some time. This part of Alabama was the Creek hunting ground. Apothleohola never concealed the fact that he only removed from imperious necessity, and while here declared that he felt that he was no longer chief, and tore off his wampum war-belt as a bauble for which he had no further use. The author bought it in 1838 for \$25, and sent it to a friend in England who now has it in his cabinet of curiosities.

That long before the pale-face came
Fair Tuskaloosa's tuneful name
Was token that a thousand braves
Found here a thousand bloody graves.
And ever since a dirge-like sound,
At eventide is wafted round.
A requiem of mourner's sighs,
Nightly ascending to the skies.
For while the black plumed chieftain stood,
And stained this shore with brother's blood,
The victor — (Tuskaloosa named,
Or *Warrior Black*) — the tribes proclaimed,
And hence this stream and plateau's name,
Although inverted, are the same.

And here, fair youth, my task is done,
From me those legends thou hast won,
Without a talking leaf, or scribe,
From the traditions of our tribe.
By Druid sister's wish I come,
To guide thee through thy future home.
Let all her lessons but prevail,
And fortune bright shall fill thy sail.

Go work thy way, with earnest toil,
And all the blessings of this soil
Shall fill thy horn with modest cheer,
Till love shall give thee children here.
But ne'er forget that in a dream
We met beside the Warrior's stream ;
And tell them of Mondamin's daughter
Minnehaha, — Laughing Water.

END OF PART THREE.

PART IV.

PART IV.

SUCCESS AND WRECK. — MERITED REPOOF. — VALUE OF THE
SAGE'S ADVICE.

SUCCESS AND WRECK.

With these injunctions from his dream,
Our youth went forth upon the stream,
And with determination brave,
Did everything to work and save.
By toil and traffic daily grew,
Till competence appeared in view.
For full two years in faith he toiled,
With hope and conscience still unsoiled.
Till pride, which comes before a fall,
Drove wise discretion to the wall,
And he embarked his fortune all,
With fell imprudence, on the cast
Of one poor die, and all was lost.
Then standing by the Warrior's side,
With all his gains beneath its tide,
And while the midnight moon on high
With silver beams crossed o'er the sky,

A whippoorwill, with mocking song,
Upbraided him the whole night long,
Till with despair his heart was wrung,
And cried with all its might and main,
Come, Minnehaha! Come again!

MERITED REPROOF.

Instead of which his Cumbrian sage,
With all the dignity of age,
Came forth from out the river's bed,
And touched his brow whilst thus he said :
"One thing, young friend, thou hast forgot,
And hence this plight, thy present lot ;
All gain is dross and insecure,
If vigilance but sleeps an hour ;
Or if thou fail to walk one day
Where wise discretion points the way.
'T was gambling thus to stake thy all,
Without insurance : hence thy fall ;
Engrave the lesson on thy heart,
And from its teachings ne'er depart,
And hope may yet point out the way,
When thou shalt see a better day."

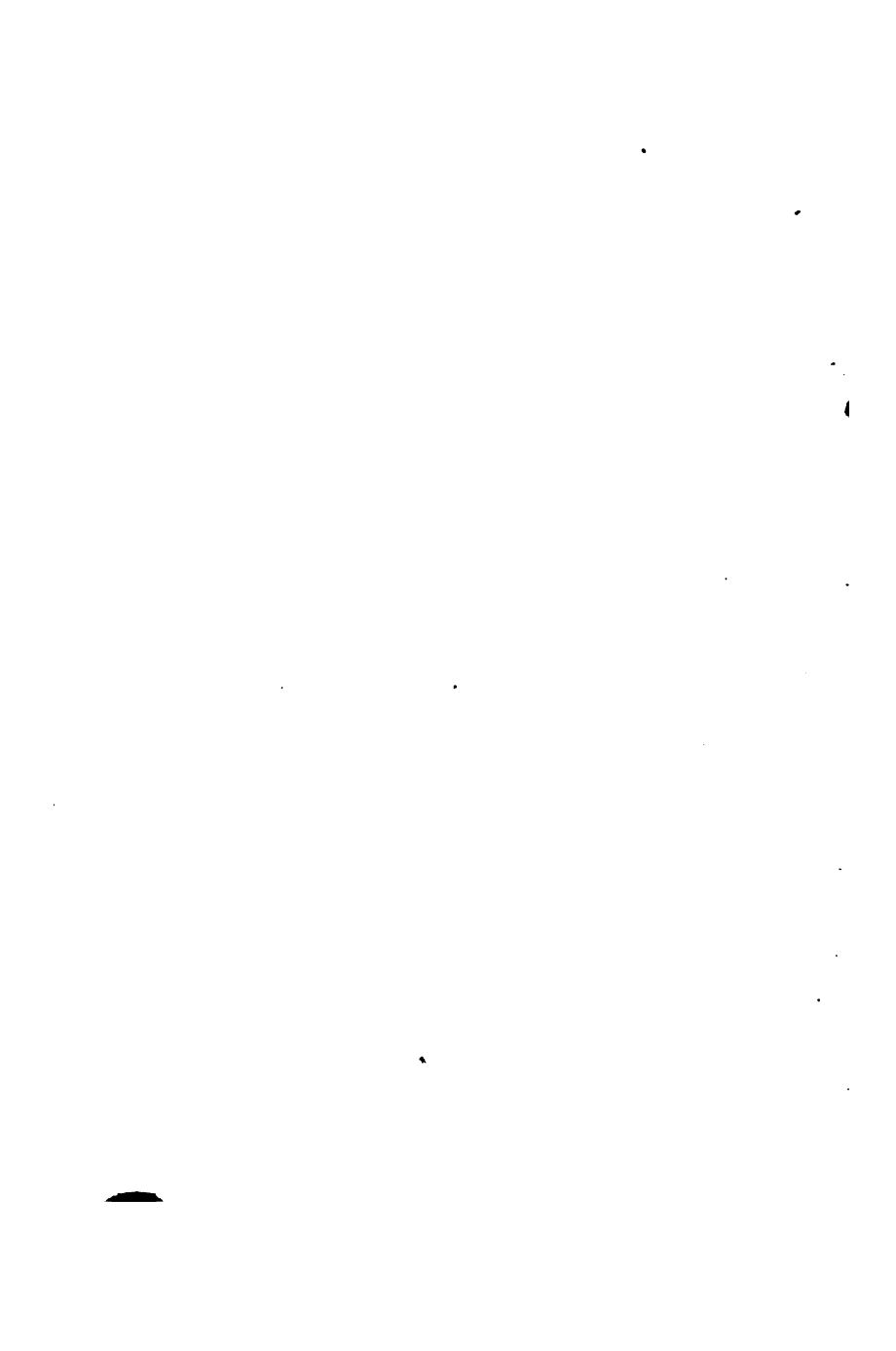
VALUE OF THE SAGE'S MAXIMS.

I will not here presume to tell,
Of all that then our youth befell,
Suffice it now for me to say,
He took those maxims day by day,
And that their force might ne'er depart,
He bound them closely round his heart,
So that for twenty years, or more,
Dame Fortune's favors filled his store ;
And never once did he forego
To use them as superior law,
But what he felt that Fortune's frown
Immutably would press him down,
Thus making good his guardian's words,
Spoken aloft amid the shrouds
Of the good ship which landed him,
While the evening's shades grew dim
On Alabama's restful shore
When his advent'rous voyage was o'er.

END OF PART FOURTH.



PART V.



PART V.

MINNEHAHA'S PROPHECY FULFILLED. — WAR AND ITS HORRORS.

— BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA ; PLAIN OF ROSSVILLE THE
SCENE.

MINNEHAHA'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Then came the day when human pride,
Borne on ambition's fatal tide,
Assailed the temple of the State,
And shook its pillars down with hate ;
A day of war, when all mankind
Seemed smitten by ambition blind,
When Southland swore, with sword in hand,
The North should yield to her demand,
Should let a paper compact stand,
Or make division of the land.
And Northland, conscious of her power,
Delayed concession, hour by hour,
Dallying with the burning flame
Till nought on earth its force could tame,
And one red sea of human gore
O'erspread the land from shore to shore,

While all along this main of blood
A thousand leagues of madmen stood,
Whose wrath no barrier could withhold,
Just as the Indian seer foretold.

WAR AND ITS HORRORS.

Oh ! saddest page in book of time,
Who can depict that awful crime,
Which both committed in the name
Of liberty's most sacred flame ;
A nation favored o'er the rest,
"*A Republic of Republics*," — blest
Beyond all other lands on earth
That e'er in history had birth, —
Amid prosperity supreme
Was shattered like a midnight dream ;
A land whose progress flowed along,
Like sweetest music of a song,
In harmony with all around,
Until its shore was sacred ground,
Was by ambition's frenzy hurled
To chaos dark before the world,
Till for an idea brothers stood
Panting for each other's blood.

Till scarce a home in North or South
But mourned its best, most honored youth.
Through four sad years on hill and plain,
Five hundred thousand men were slain,
Whose bones lay bleaching in the sun,
In Southland when the strife was done,
To mark with what determined will
Her sons had fought with brain and skill,
On many a hundred battle-fields —
Pro-patria stamped upon their shields.
Where heroes sprang 'neath every tree,
Yet none compared with ROBERT LEE ;
Stewart and Stonewall Jackson brave,
With others filled the soldier's grave :
These died in arms by Heaven's decree,
Who spared a while the noble Lee,
To teach our fiery youth control,
Who felt the iron in their soul.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

To one such field our hero sped
(When came report, his son lay dead,
On Chickamauga's bloody plain),
His heart o'ercharged with keenest pain.

For fifty leagues approaching there,
Putrid odors filled the air,
From wounded men in thousands there.
Whole trains were loaded with the same,
And each sad lacerated frame
Proclaimed aloud from every car
God's curse upon unholy war.
And when he stood and viewed the plain,
Where twenty thousand men lay slain,
Their bodies fest'ring in the sun
(Interment having scarce begun),
He felt that never God's decree
Could by such process make men free.
'T was while a truce had been proclaimed,
In order to remove the maimed
From out the blood-smeared tents around,
Whence came an awful, dreadful sound,
Of human groans and cries of pain,
For leagues across th' ensanguined plain ;
While daily in the white flag's name,
A thousand ambulances came,
And took a thousand forms away,
Sad emblems of the bloody fray.

The ghastly dead for ten miles square
In hecatombs were scattered there,
Whose taint ascended through the air,
E'en to the *Look-out* Mountain's crest,
Which flanked the field upon the west,
Washed by the silver Tennessee,
So sacred to the Cherokee,
Whose home was here for ages past,
Ere his removal to the west.
The red chief's house as witness stood,
Where round it flowed this sea of blood.
Just as their seer had prophesied,¹
With white man's gore the soil was dyed.

¹ It is a fact that the Battle of Chickamauga was immediately around the former residence of John Ross the Cherokee chief, and covered the plain of Rossville.

PART VI.



PART VI.

SONG OF PEACE. — CALL FOR MINNEHAHA TO COME AGAIN. —
THE SAGE OF DERWENT WATER COMES FORTH INSTEAD. —
WATER TELEGRAMS PREDICTED. — SPILLED MILK. — VANDAL-
ISM OF BURNING THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, AND A PUB-
LIC LIBRARY. — UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, AND ITS ROLL OF
HONOR. — EXHORTATION TO WORK. — DIGNITY OF LABOR. —
REDEMPTION THE RESULT. — TUSKALOOSA REDEEMED.

SONG OF PEACE.

Where Alabama's hills abound,
A maiden wept with grief profound ;
Her eager vision, near and far,
Was blighted by the woes of war ;
For blackened ruins here and there,
And loathsome odors filled the air.
Her father dead, her brothers killed,
Their fences burned, the soil untilled,
Cattle slaughtered, horses gone,
Mother's spirits all undone,
While children cried aloud for bread,
Till hope itself was almost dead.


Yet still faith flickered in her breast,
And strove to soothe her heart to rest ;
For God had said he would defend
Both her and hers until the end ;
And one brave boy was left her still,
Should he be spared the soil to till,
And reach his home in blessed peace,
When this sad war of kin should cease.

PEACE.

Just then a whoop, a cheerful sound,
Ran through the vale. The hills around
Threw back the echo loud and shrill ;
The Warrior's stream, and every hill
Reëchoed back a well-known voice,
Which made the widow's heart rejoice.
"My boy ! my boy ! he's coming home.
Thank God ! thank God ! blest peace has come."
And now with welcome hail, they ran
And met a swarthy, full-grown man,
So much unlike her beardless boy,
The mother's heart swelled up with joy ;
And in one warm and wild embrace,
The mother's and the sister's face

To his were pressed. His manly arms
Encircled both, till war's alarms
Were all forgot, to list his tale,
That peace had come to bless the vale :
That now, paroled, he 'd fight no more,
But work till he 'd increased their store.
Would split their rails, and till the soil,
Till plenty should reward their toil.
And hark ! far off beyond the hill
Are other voices loud and shrill,
Betok'ning other homes are glad,
Where other hearts, repining, sad,
Through four years' strife, with joyous shout
Cry, "Peace ! blest peace has come about."
Then all along Black Warrior's hills,
From all the vales, from all the rills,
From every mount's neglected side,
From far-off Coosa's limpid tide,
From Talladega's wasted plain,
From Tallapoosa's flowing main,
From dark Tombigbee's winding stream,
From Alabama's waves of cream,
From Vicksburg's heights, so hard to yield,
From bloody Shiloh's battle-field,

From Rappahannock's gory wave,
From Nashville's walls, where sleep the brave,
From Mississippi's turbid floods,
From Blount, and Marshall's lofty woods,
From Chattanooga's mountain shields,
From Chickamauga's bloody fields,
From famed Catoosa's healthful shade,
From Tuskahoma's piny glade,
From Tuskaloosa's groves, this song,
"Blest Peace has come, has come along,"
Reëchoed back, and back again,
From mount to mount, from plain to plain,
Just as it did in days of old,
When Hiawatha sooth foretold
The blessings that should flow from peace,
When war, and strife, and blood should cease.
How great Mondamin should appear,
And bless the tribes from year to year
With full supplies of tasseled maize,
If they would let the peace-pipe blaze ;
All these, with thanks in every home,
Rejoiced that blessed peace had come.



THE SAGE OF DERWENT WATER.

In Tuskaloosa's grove, this song
Was simply by our hero sung,
In order to record the grief
By war entailed, and the relief
Which thousands felt, when Peace came forth,
Spreading her wings o'er South and North ;
And also by this means he sought
To keep account of battles fought,
That children yet unborn might tell
Where thousands of our heroes fell ;
For now he felt his locks were gray,
Two thirds of life had passed away,
And all his gains had been a dream,
Like that upon the Warrior's stream ;
When Laughing-Water, from its tide,
Became unsought his promised guide,
And plighted to remain his friend
Until his life and strength should end.
Rememb'ring this, he sought the grove,
Relying on her promised love,
And resting near the Warrior's falls,
He prayed for answer to his calls,

That she would now beside him stand,
And touch him with her magic wand,
That by this means he might foretell
What of the night, would all be well?
When lo! with countenance serene,
With solemn step, and stately mien,
His aged friend with joy he sees,
From Derwent's vale beyond the seas,
Who, with the gravity of age,
Addressed him thus with wisdom sage.

WATER TELEGRAMS PREDICTED.

From Derwent's vale, thy boyhood's home,
At Minnehaha's call I come—
The nymph who guards thy present sleep
And sent her message o'er the deep;
Her footsteps on the wave or stream,
Dispatches are for those who dream.
This gift as yet is only given
For Genii's use by will of Heaven:
Yet mortals may this gift attain,
And some day speak across the main,
Employing but the crystal flood,
Yet all their thoughts be understood,

When wave and stream shall medium be,
Transmitting thought beyond the sea.

SPILLED MILK.

From interest in thee long ago,
I've come across the sea, to show
That I am still thy faithful friend,
And will remain so to the end.
I've viewed your war from 'cross that sea,
And from all prejudice am free ;
But I have told thee years gone by,
That war must come, and reason why ;
That elements or seeds of hate
Were rotting at the core, — *The State*.
Two principles that cannot live
Unitedly, destruction give.
And I forewarned thee to beware
Linking thy fate and future there.
But now 't is done, the die is cast,
My prophecy's fulfilled at last.
The North triumphant, all is lost
For which the south so bravely fought.
And all her fabric comes to naught.

'T is vain that thou contract thy brow,
Thy former gains are *spilled milk* now.

VANDALISM OF BURNING THE UNIVERSITY OF
ALABAMA, AND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

War is a sinful game to play,
Its glory, transient, fades away,
Makes nations weak, who erst were strong,
And seldom cures a public wrong.
Its boiling passion makes men blind,
And stays the progress of mankind.
Its wickedness is clearly seen,
Right here beyond these groves so green,
Where learning dwelt in classic halls,
Charmed by the murmurs of these falls,
Till vandal War, in Freedom's name,
Gave Learning's records to the flame.
Such products of the human mind
Belong of right to all mankind :
And every scion of our race
Should Croxton brand with deep disgrace ;

For e'en a woman's grand appeal,
"Books, sir! God gave for all men's weal,"¹
Failed to restrain the burning brand,
When wielded by a vandal's hand.
The *Marat* of the war, or clown,
Who sacked an undefended town,
And burnt an empty college down.
Its dome o'erlooked these groves on high,
A graceful symbol of the sky.
A work of beauty rarely seen,
Rising o'er yon campus green,
Where works of genius saved for men,
From many an ancient sage's pen,
Were treasured here for all the race,
As in a sacred, holy place,

¹ This appeal in so many words was made in vain, by Professor and Madame Delorffe, when the torch was being applied. Positive instructions from higher authority to burn a public library, was given as the reason for its destruction. The library contained thirty thousand volumes, some of the rarest books in the world, and many of them the gift of foreign governments and colleges, that can never be replaced. When the passions of war shall have been forgotten, this wanton destruction should be replaced as far as possible, for it must make every American blush to think of it.

The pride and glory of a state,
Destroyed by ignorance and hate.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA.

ITS ROLL OF HONOR BEFORE THE WAR.

'T was here Tutwiler, honored name !
First launched his bark of cloudless fame
Upon the sea of classic lore,
Which still floats on from shore to shore.
Here Manly, Stafford, Brumby, taught
The central truth of Calhoun's thought,
That states were sov'reign and supreme,
Ere war had proved 't was but a dream.
(Mere abstract rights, however just,
War ever tramples in the dust.)
Here dwelt a noble, honored band,
Whose genius covered all the land ;
For science was enthroned where sat
Woods, Barnard, Tuomey, Garland, Pratt,
Whose names shed lustre on these halls,
Where ceaseless sang the Warrior's Falls ;
And graceful Alma Mater stood,
Her breast the fountain of a flood

Which nurtured statesmen for the day,
Like Clemens, Bowden, Lewis, Clay :
Alumni treasured up with pride,
Fostered by her maternal tide :
With others that distinguished are,
Like Battle, Forney, Parker, Barr.
And mingling with the noted throng,
Such devotees of muse and song,
As Richardson (so prone to Greek),
With Wyman, Smith, and towering Meek ;
Whose epic, "The Red Eagle," seems
An epoch closed of Indian dreams.
All these reflected honor here,
Where calcined ruins now appear,
Mere blackened mounds within our view,
A picture of the Southland through.
These are your fruits which war hath given,
A blasted land before high heaven.

EXHORTATION TO WORK.

I come not here, though, to upbraid,
But by my counsel give thee aid ;
Not thee alone, but all thy friends ;
When done, I then have gained my ends.

'Tis useless to look back and grieve
O'er wealth that's sifted through the sieve
Of direful war. That last appeal
Stamps might as right for public weal :
The evils that afflict the State
Can ne'er be cured by war and hate.
They by enlightenment of mind,
Through social progress are refined.
All property is but a trust ;
To be enjoyed it must be just.
Fair compensation makes amends,
Whene'er destroyed for public ends ;
And if perchance this is not done,
Your title to ought else is gone.
But changes vast 'mid scenes of war,
Doth ne'er improve, but always mar ;
Then wisdom sinks to raise the fool,
And vice and ignorance will rule ;
And I predict 't will be so here,
For many a weary toilsome year :
Yet thy adopted home shall rise,
No fairer land beneath the skies.
By work each may redemption win,
And each should now that work begin.

Inertly brooding o'er the past
Would breed contempt, — All is not lost.
Awake, and with industry strive
To fill again thy *Old Bee Hive*; ¹
And keep its banner still unfurled
Above thy gates before the world.
Keep conscience clean, yet work with will
Its empty cells and stores to fill.
From England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales,
Swedish mount, and Spanish vales,
From all the South, East, West, and North,
Go bring the varied bounties forth;
With brain, with muscle, and with mind,
Be thou of use to all mankind,
And let thy friends and children see
A working and industrious Bee.

¹ The Bee Hive was sacked by Croxton's raiders and plundered like all the business houses in the city, during the two days occupancy by Croxton's troops. When they heard, however, the false alarm that General Jackson was at Maxwell's plantation, nine miles distant, with an equal force, they fled like sheep, burning the bridge, cotton factory, foundry, and two cotton warehouses, all of which was private property, before leaving.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

And now, my friend, this converse free
Has been but personal to thee ;
I fain would speak to all the youth
So widely scattered o'er the South ;
If I, through thee, could reach their ears,
And lull somewhat their groundless fears,
And show them how good fortune still
May yet be theirs, if but they will ;
Perhaps *we* might a blessing prove,
And some day garner up their love.
And could I but engrave this truth
Upon the hearts of Southern youth
That great Jehovah has designed
By work alone to raise mankind,
And make them meet for heaven above,
As fit recipients of His love,
I'd feel indeed my task was done,
The battle fought, and almost won.
'T was ne'er designed that man should live
A life of indolence, and give
No sacrifice for other's weal,
And but by labor can we feel

We have the right, through patient toil,
To ask God's blessing on the soil.
We occupy His Vineyard here,
To work, and water it with fear,
That when the Master's call shall come
His welcome shall receive us home.
The dignity of labor, then,
Must be revered by Southern men,
Exalted to the highest place,
As fulcrum of the Saxon race,
By which all progress has been won,
O'er every race beneath the sun.
In lieu of slavery despised,
Its honor must be recognized,
If at the loom, or at the plough,
In mine or workshop, — *on its brow*
Must be enstamped the words *Well done!*
Ere your redemption is begun
Society must stamp its shield
With all the glory praise can yield,
Before this progress can be seen
On Alabama's mountains green.

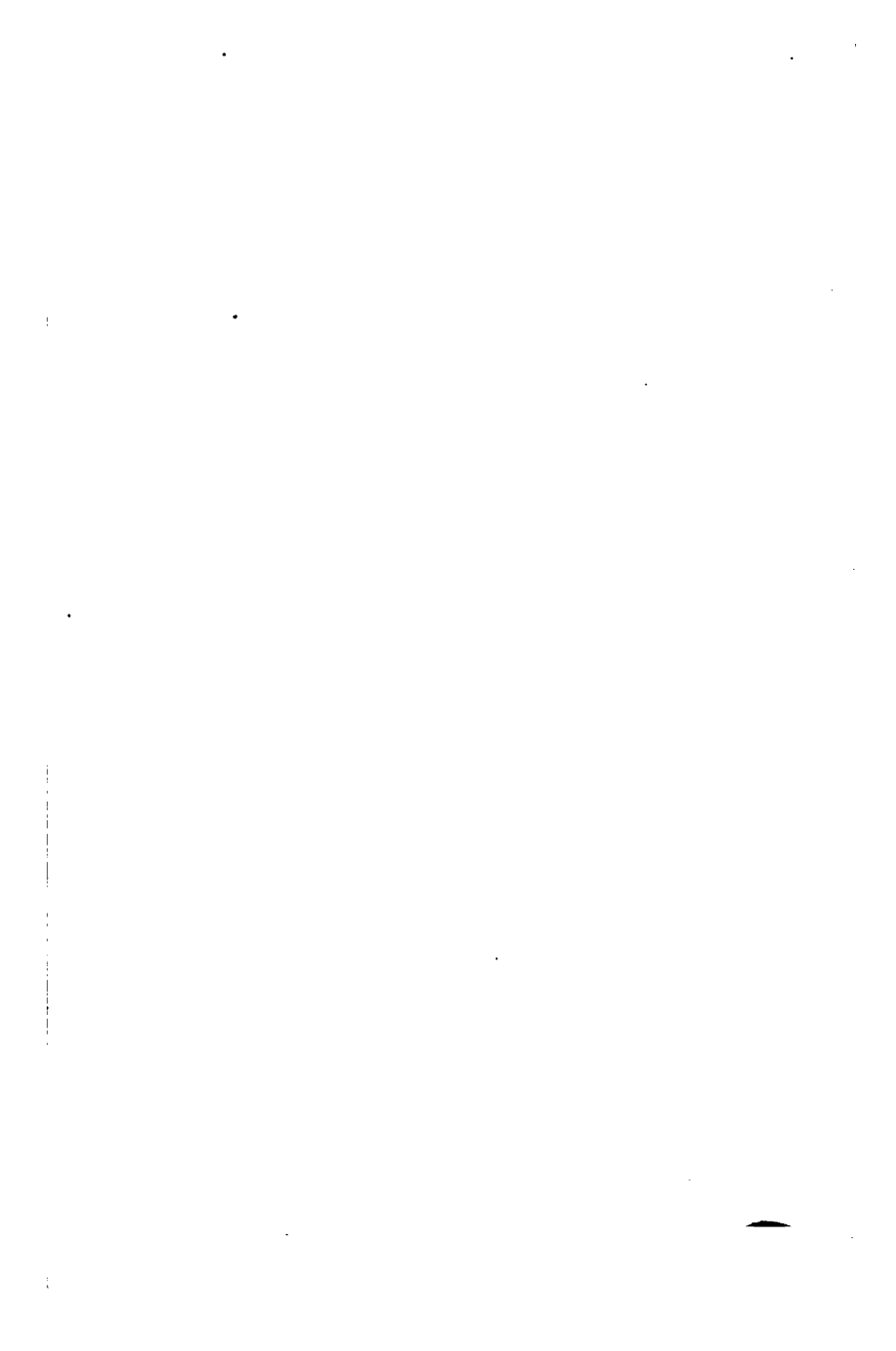
REDEMPTION THE RESULT.

When that day comes, now near at hand,
'T will then be seen, no other land
On all the face of God's green earth,
Possessed resources half their worth ;
That Cotton was a crownless king,
Whose tribute could but mis'ry bring,
Depleting all this fair domain
Of staff of life, but to sustain
The spindles of a foreign power,
Exhausting nature hour by hour,
To rob posterity of life,
By means of slavery and strife.

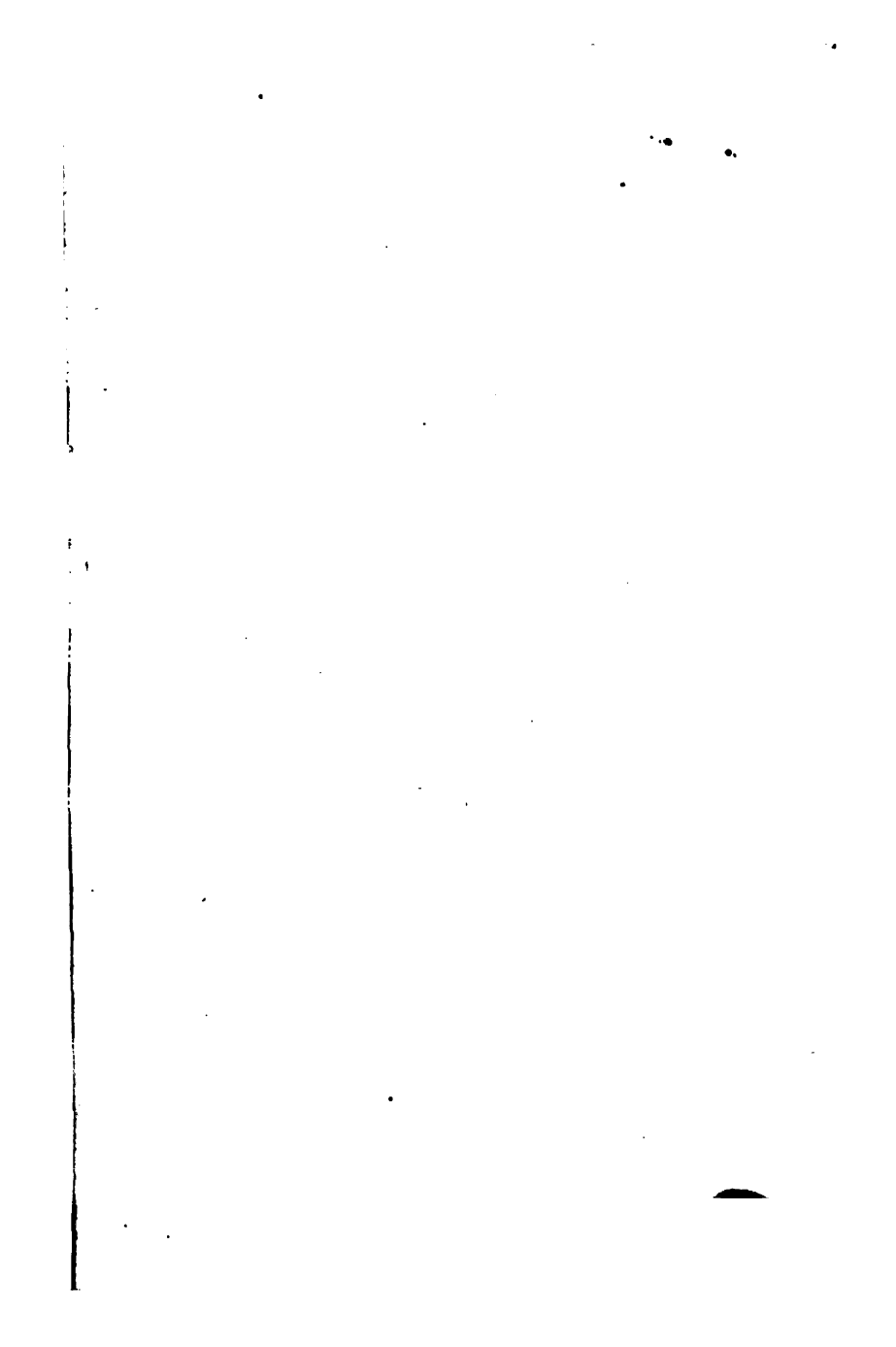
TUSKALOOSA REDEEMED.

Fair Tuskaloosa then will find
That mighty works of brain and mind
Like magic from the earth shall spring,
And all these hills around shall sing
Te Deums to that mighty King,
Who planted here in ages past
Black diamonds, a store to last

Till Gabriel blows his loudest horn,
To usher in the endless morn.
Then too an iron king shall bound,
Triumphant from these hills around,
With fiery wreath of victory crowned,
To make prosperity abound,
While countless spindles shall be whirled,
By Warrior's Falls to clothe a world.
And when your people all shall strive,
To make their land a mighty *Hive*,
And keep its emblem o'er the door,
As guardian safe forevermore,
Then men from other climes shall come,
And, working at the forge or loom,
Shall prove to all the world abroad,
Here labor meets its due reward :
And when your sons, and daughters too,
Shall give to toil the honor due,
Then Alabama, truly great,
Shall stand the *Southern* Empire State.



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